

DARKNESS

Beautiful faces

Dressed as if they were being promoted

In their high heels and well-polished shoes

Not a wrinkle in their well-pressed clothes

They speak of the Sunday mass as if it was not Monday

They ramble the importance of the holy books

Kind words to your face

One hand greets you and a knife in the other

Darkness had consumed every ounce of their holiness

Ashamed to say something

Too ashamed to admit my absence on Sundays

When surrounded by darkness

Their only way out is compassion

I feel pity for the ones I used to admire

I feel sorry they are totally consumed by darkness

Zahied Tony Mohammed (2014) ©